THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1966-1967

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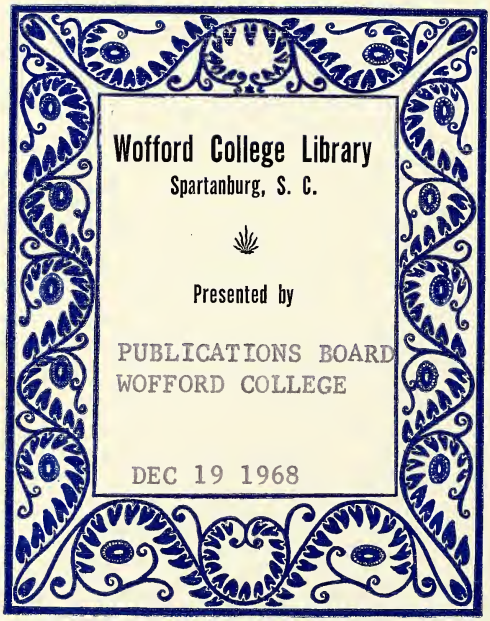

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The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE ——— NOVEMBER, 1966

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THE JOURNAL

Established 1889 — Volume 77, Number 1

Editor ..... Harry McKown
Business Manager ..... Stan Watson
Associate Editor ..... Rusty McCredie
Art Editor ..... Will Willimon

The Journal is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Price Caldwell is adviser. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

Cover: Our cover this issue is graced by a somewhat frightening sketch of Kwei Sing, Chinese god of literature, done for us by Will Willimon, our somewhat frightening art editor.

John Deere

——— *by* Professor Price Caldwell

The monument was out from the house at the edge of the great green lawn, just inside the fence. It was square, made of that hard white stone that was smooth to touch. Old Turner watched from the tractor barn while they were building it and thought how his voice would echo inside of it. Mister Sturgins was red-faced and smiling when it was finished. He made old Turner clean up the site where the builders had made a mess. Made him get the grass growing again right up to the side.

It took them all spring and half the summer to build it. Mister Sturgins went out every morning, standing in the mud and wet grass to watch. Turner stayed in the tractor barn except when Mister Sturgins made him work on the grass. He moved all the grass in the great lawn, but he didn't mow the grass around the monument until it was high as it would go. He just watered and fertilized it every day until it was high as it would go and then he cut it. Then one day it was even greener and fuller than the grass in the rest of the yard. When Mister Sturgins saw it he was red-faced and smiling. Turner sneaked back into the tractor barn to fiddle with the carburetor on the old green John Deere. Didn't even look at Mister Sturgins coming toward the barn.

"Well its ready." Mister Sturgins said.

Turner turned himself around part way. Saw Mister Sturgins rubbing his hands and smiling with the sweat coming off his face.

"Naw suh, Mister Sturgins. Got to blow out this here fuel line. It's all gummed up. And then clean out the carburetor."

"My memorial." Mister Sturgins said.

"Oh yeah yeah Mistuh Sturgins. It sho' is purty. I been waterin' that grass ever' day. Like you tole me. Growin' right up dere just like all the rest of the yard now."

That made Mister Sturgins grin again. He rubbed his hands like he does when the cotton's coming in and it's a good crop. Like when he's going to give old Turner an extra dollar bill for Saturday night.

"Well come see it." Mister Sturgins said. "You havent been inside have you. Let me show you the inside. I reckon you know thats marble its made out of. One hundred percent marble construction. Except for the doors and the drawers theyre stainless steel. Imported all the way from Ferrara. The marble that is."

Old Turner was looking at the fuel line he held in his hand. It was dripping gasoline all over the green paint of the John Deere.

"Ferrara." Mister Sturgins said. "Thats in Italy."

So Turner looked around. Made his eyes go wide. "You don't say. Way ovuh yonder . . ."

"Thats right." Mister Sturgins grinned. Rubbed his hands together again. "Best marble in the world. I want you to look at that floor in there. Just like a mirror. See your face in it if it wasnt for the grain. Blues lines running all through it. Finest marble in the world."

"My, my," Turner said. He turned back to the tractor. Just for a second. Then he would go.

"Come on now I want you to see it. Whole things air conditioned. Keep you cool as a cucumber inside."

Turner looked for something to wipe his hands on. Found a rag he'd left on the seat and wiped some of the gasoline off the green paint. It raised the dirt. He wiped the whole area until it was dry and there was a big clean place. Mister Sturgins was at the door.

"You coming?" Mister Sturgins said.

"Yes, suh, I'se comin' " Turner said. "It sho is a purty

little building."

They went across the grass. The sun was hot. Out in the fields it was dry. Cotton for miles out all about to open. The tractor didn't need to be fixed now Mister Sturgins said. Airplanes all ready for the defoliation. Ready to start this afternoon. Turner saw the grass growing right up to the side of the building, where he'd fertilized and watered every day. Greener than the rest of the yard.

"Now look Turner." Mister Sturgins said. "I want you to notice. This is how you get in. See. All you have to do is push this little button. Everythings electrified. So thats all you have to do. And the door slides right open. Got to have it electric you know because its heavy. The door is. Solid steel two inches thick."

From inside, Turner looked out at the green grass just off the little marble porch. The sun was bright on it. Mister Sturgins' hand was on his shoulder.

"Now notice this Turner. When you get inside all you got to do is push this other little button. See. And it just slides right across again. So quiet you can't even hear it."

Turner jumped. "Mistuh Sturgins, now, Mistuh Sturgins make that do' stay open, it ain't s'posed to shut with us in here."

"Ha ha Turner. That's all right youre supposed to shut it. So the cold wont get out. You know. Got that air conditioner working all the time. Its got to be forty degrees in here. Guess you know why that is dont you Turner?"

Mister Sturgins was laughing again. Turner looked at the door, thinking how it was ninety-five degrees in the shade outside. Thought about the fourteen year old John Deere that had nothing the matter with it anyway out there in the tractor barn. Wished he could be there with it. Where he could get the grease on his hands. And wash it off with gasoline.

"Now I want you to notice Turner." Mister Sturgins said. "See the drawers here. Theres one for everybody in my family. You can count them. My wife goes here and I go here. See. The one on top. Now come here Turner I want you to

remember this. See how the drawers slide in and out. Now. That's where I'll be when I pass on to my reward. All fixed up nice and pretty just like I was asleep."

Mister Sturgins opened the drawer again so Turner could see.

"Thats what the man told me anyway. Just like I was asleep right there in the drawer. All you have to do is turn this little knob here. And open the drawer. See that Turner."

Turner saw the stainless steel drawer. It was open and empty. There were little beads of water on the steel. If he touched it his hand wouldn't stick to the steel. It wasn't that cold. When it has ice on the drawer then don't touch it. He looked away. Up on a little shelf at the front he saw a little house and little plaster figures. A little barn. Jesus and the Wise Men.

"Now look here Turner." Mister Sturgins said. He smiled and his face had lost some of its red.

"Youve been with me as long as Ive had this place. Twenty years. You were with my father before he passed away. May he rest in peace. You have served our family well. Youve been a faithful servant."

Mister Sturgins stopped. His mouth wobbled a little. Turner didn't want to look. Went to the front to see the Manger.

"Now Ive provided for you in my will." Mister Sturgins said. "And your family too. What I want you to do is take care of me. When Im here. When the folks want to visit me. Just keep me fixed up nice. Put me on a fresh shirt and tie every other day. And a new suit every month. Theyll be bought for you. Theyll be provided for in the will."

Turner looked at the Manger. Thought No, Mister Sturgins. Not me. I'se goin' on seventy-seven years and you ain't but fifty some odd. Ought to be thinkin' 'bout my hole in the groun'.

"Just to keep me fresh Turner. Dont have to use the clothes twice. When you take em off me just burn em up

and put new ones on me. Course maybe you'd like to wear 'em yourself. Ha ha."

Mister Sturgins stopped, came up behind. Put his hand on Turner's shoulder.

"Like that manger scene do you Turner." Mister Sturgins said. "Its small of course. Didnt want anything too big and conspicuous in here. You understand. I've been a God-fearin man all my life and a Believer. Id like to think Im going to be rocked in the cradle of the Lord when Im gone."

Turner said, "Mistuh Sturgins. Don't you think—don't you think maybe you kin git somebody else to do it?"

And Mister Sturgins laughed again. Said sure maybe somebody else could be arranged if something happened. A faithful servant. Serves his master in all things of life and death to show that loving regard which will not fail to be rewarded in the end as Jesus is our Savior. And then they went outside again into the sun and Turner got to go back to his tractor barn where he took apart the whole carburetor of the John Deere and spread out all the pieces on the work bench.

But first he got some gasoline on a rag and wiped off all the grease on the whole tractor so it looked as clean and new as it could look to be fourteen years old. So he could fix it so it would be sure to run another fourteen years. Because he would need that big tractor on that little patch of new grass out there. So in spite of what happened to the rest of the yard he could fertilize and water every day until the grass was as green as it could be and grew so high it covered the whole building up. Even if it was made out of the best marble in the world. ●

The Americanization Of Europe

——————— *by* Will Willimon

Somehow, someday, everyone dreams of going to Europe. I went this summer. I wanted to see the countries where political and intellectual history was made. I wanted to study the great works of art for myself. I wanted a dose of gay Parisian night-life and a walk down romantic streets in Venice, Athens, and Rome. Europe was like a dream; a haven for those of us who were tired of American materialism, tired of the hustle and bustle of our way of life; a land where the old world lives on in a carefree, unaffected way. I planned to drench myself in its customs and be a humble supplicant before the great throne of European culture. I expected to return home thoroughly disgusted with our crass and barbarous society, and enchanted with life on the Continent.

I came home disgusted, but in a different way.

If you don't think America is the most powerful and influential nation in the world, just go to Europe. You had better go quickly, though, for soon Europe won't be any more than a fake Williamsburg with customs that are no different from ours than those of Georgia. The things Americans go to Europe for, the things we all cherish—even if Europeans don't—are fast disappearing. European culture is deteriorating at an alarming rate in the face of a crass, low form of Americanism.

This relish for the "American way of life" seems to be a post-war phenomenon. After the war, Europe was faced with the task of rebuilding a much damaged society. What a won-

derful opportunity for enlightened minds to develop and direct the course of events. But Europe was and is suffering from a disease, the symptoms of which are a deplorable lack of imagination and the loss of the ability to choose its popular culture discriminately.

Why did she look to America for her cultural directives? Perhaps it was because of the Marshall Plan, Doris Day movies, "Life" magazine, or a host of other popularizers and distorters of American culture. Americans have much to give to Europeans. Certain conveniences, social standards and ideals would be most beneficial to Europe. (Improved toilet facilities would top my list.) But Europe had chosen to emulate some of the worst aspects of American popular culture.

For instance; Coca-Cola is now being substituted for their fine wines; automats for the delightful sidewalk cafes; and juke boxes packed with James Brown and the "Beach Boys" for the small bands in restaurants. Kraft cheese, "Playboy," supermarkets, assembly line production, burlesque shows, and other American imports of doubtful value have been adopted. Cafeterias have appeared in Paris; a city that once prided itself on its elaborate and lengthy meals. Billboards, hot dog and hamburger stands, and the European equivalent to Howard Johnson's are seen in increasing numbers on once picturesque roadways.

The automobile is a good example of this disheartening phenomenon. Europeans have no need of automobiles. They have an enviable system of public transportation (which is declining due to decreased usage) and shorter distances between cities than we do. The car, however, has become a European status symbol. Now Europeans have a graded scale of automobile status from Volkswagen to Mercedes culminating in a black, four-door, American Chevrolet or Ford. As they become more affluent, Europeans are buying more cars. Roads are crowded. Such beautiful old cities as London, Paris, and Rome are intersected now by congested, ugly, concrete, traffic arteries. You can now drive non-stop from Brussels to Paris

over some of the fastest and most boring super-highways in the world. Europeans point with pride to their new stoplights, gas stations, parking lots, junk yards, and "Put a Tiger in Your Tank" signs and tell us that they are advancing. Why couldn't they learn a lesson from us?

The wonderful old cities are dying too. Each year millions of the inhabitants of such cities as London, Amsterdam, and Rome move out into the world of suburbia. Now one enters Paris through mazes of cheap, monotonous housing projects. Skylines once dominated by gothic towers are now hidden behind high-rise apartments. "Urban renewal" in its lowest form is doing alarming things to European cities. Streets are widened, sidewalks narrowed, and old buildings are torn down.

Something is happening to the once refined, generous European, too. I have heard that Americans were materialistic, but just try dealing with a hotel manager in Paris, or follow a crowd of mark-waving German tourists in Athens. If you think American tourists are obnoxious and loud, try enjoying a night at the opera with a few German or Italians close by. And the uncivility of some European waiters would be a match for any rude New Yorker.

Politically, Europe is fast becoming a nonentity. Most of its inhabitants seem glad to see it. Too many European students I know have revived the old mania for peace at all costs, isolationism, and the simple-minded good will that was Europe's downfall in the 1930's. Intellectually, whereas many American students are seriously concerned over social and political problems and display an amazing amount of dedication and conviction, the European student is best characterized as irresponsible, conservative, and uninformed. Ask a bright European student where he wants to study, and expect to hear such schools as U. C. L. A., Harvard, or Michigan before Oxford or the Sorbonne. It is their general concensus that European education is dead and out of touch with the tenor of modern thought. English is fast becoming the academic language of Europe. The old daring and vitality of European

intellectuals seems abandoned in favor of practical, conservative, bourgeois American educational standards. I could cite other examples in theology, art, and science; all fields that were once dominated by Europe but are now being guided by American hands.

Europeans must see what they are creating. They must stop the spread of such killers of their culture as the Common Market, Telstar, and the American tourist. Each European nation must preserve its autonomy, pride, and heritage and see its role in the modern world. Europe must build on its past rather than destroy it. She must choose her culture by discriminating selection.

In conclusion, let me say that it will be hard getting along without Europe. She has meant a great deal to us. She always gave us a standard; something to work for. It makes me sad to see her go. ●

The New Theology

——————— *by* John E. Adams

The New Theology will be a series of four articles, one in each issue of The Journal. I am presenting these articles as a person concerned about the future of the church. These short stories are not to be taken as complete theologies. They are simply one interpretation of four Twentieth Century theologians. The first article deals with God as conceived by Rudolf Bultmann. With the God concept as a foundation, I will speak of Christ and the doctrine of grace, or salvation. Next I will discuss freedom and the Word of God. The final article will be concerned with the church and its responsibility. It is my hope that these articles will challenge their readers to think about their beliefs. Those readers who wish to react to the words found herein are encouraged to do so.

* * * *

The Concept of God

Throughout the history of philosophical and theological thought, the question of the character of God has been forcing itself upon man. A second persistent question is that of Good and Evil and the relation of both to God. This second question will be considered here. The object of this study is "The Crisis of Faith" by Rudolf Bultmann. Bultmann is an important figure in the New, or Twentieth century, Theology. He has been conspicuously influenced by existentialist modes of thinking. Bultmann seeks a closer connection between the Gospel and man's existence today. His primary works, evidence of the above goal, are in the area of scriptural interpretation. He is most noted for his theory of demythologization, that is to say getting behind the mythological elements of the

Bible. So we find Bultmann, in "The Crisis of Faith," looking under the mythological God of the Bible and attempting to make Him real for today. Simply stated, God, for Bultmann, is the creator and sustainer of all things good and evil. God also directs history by the manipulation of good and evil.

Bultmann feels that the church, here meaning the church in general and the Christian church in particular, is in a time of crisis. The center of Roman Catholocism in the United States, Chicago, finds itself racked by the racial crisis in our land. The church of the South is facing the same problem. The threat of Communism is very strong throughout all the world. One third of the world's population is starving. What does the church say about these problems? What about the New Morality? What kind of God allows these problems to exist? What kind of God is required to meet the challenges of Twentieth century life? Is it Santa Claus in the sky; or a God like man; or a God who goes by the Great Book of does and don'ts; or the God of our Fathers; or a god who makes all things but is not responsible for the evil?

What is God in the Christian sense?

First, Bultmann feels that we must understand that God in the Christian sense is no different in character than the god of every faith in which the idea of god is taken seriously. We find this same god defined in Ancient Egyptian writings and in the literature of many other cultures and religions.

Another important point for Bultmann is the fact that we are finite, that is limited. Every human being shares this characteristic. Man is neither his own creator nor his own master. The power which limits man, regardless of the scientific discoveries and psychological studies of our age, is God, who controls man's future. Regardless of the thrills or moments of escape achieved in intercourse, L.S.D., riot, motorcycling, or drinking, we cannot escape our limitedness. Thus, we cannot, says Bultmann, escape the control of God. God makes us finite.

What do we seek as valuable in life? Is it a higher salary

as a result of a college education? Are we searching for the "truth" of life or for the beauty that we think may linger somewhere in this world? Are we looking for that one love or one friendship? Do we think knowledge, whether it be scientific or humanistic, will secure for us a stable position in life? What about moral ought, that sense of duty we are trying to hang onto? Are these the final values of life? God drives us toward seeking these good things, but Bultmann feels that none of them can ever be reached. None of them are sufficient foundations for life. We are restrained from reaching these goals, Bultmann asserts, by the limitations of our God-imposed nature. As we find that we are unable to reach these goals they are destroyed as dreams. As each dream falls by the wayside we are driven into what Bultmann calls "final solitude." Final solitude is standing in front of all these dreams—love, knowledge, friendship, money, truth, morality, freedom—and realizing that you will never be able to attain them. You stand as a being, a finite being, with infinite desires. You feel as low as the amoeba. And who drives us into final solitude? Bultmann says God!

It is God who creates truth. It is He who creates beauty, love, and friendship. God places before us knowledge. He establishes the sense of duty. It is God who creates all that is good in existence. But, for Bultmann, it is also God who drives us to seeking truth and beauty; who forces us to care about tomorrow's dollar; who puts a desire for love in our hearts, and at the same time limits our ability to reach these goals. He stops us short of attaining the good that He has created. By stopping us short this way, God, as Bultmann shows Him, drives us into the state of final solitude. Bultmann sees God as creator of all that is evil in existence as well as all that is good.

This point, final solitude, is where Bultmann finds God directing the course of history. By driving us into final solitude, God has placed us in a situation which requires a decision which must be made by the individual. Whether the answer

to the problem, solitude, be yea or nay, it is still God directed, in the eyes of Bultmann. God is responsible for history because He poses the problems which determine the course of history.

God creates the good and the evil. He then places man between the two. He doesn't give us just the good in life, He also gives us the bad. He slips us the shaft. But for Bultmann this makes God all the *more* God. It makes God something that can be believed in. For Bultmann this makes God *real!*

God is the creator and sustainer of *all* things. ●

Human Action: The Approach To Essence

——————— *by* George Whitaker

All men and animals do things. Each begins to act from the moment of its birth. But man is thought to be different from animal. Man not only acts, but also, for some "unknown" reason, has within him something that prevents him from being satisfied until he knows why. It is through action that man approaches his essence. Man cannot just exist and act; he must exist and act consciously. At least that is the way it has always been in the past. Many modern observers, such as Hannah Arendt, argue that man, especially Western man, is losing his consciousness of action. They say that the conditions of modern society cause man to lose the desire for knowing why he acts—for knowing his essence. Arendt, in particular, says that modern man is fast losing his awareness of action. He no longer has the assurance that his deeds will be remembered, and therefore he has bound himself to politics in order to secure a continuation of his "story." The rapid developments of science destroy every day man's sense of the permanence of anything. Modern man, in his struggle to keep pace with the physical, can no longer set a goal for himself, but must rather work toward the continuation of his existence. He desires not the discovery of a Truth, but an increase in those things which he can consume, thus making his life more pleasurable. Man does not fit himself into a framework of action wherein he finds his meaning and immortality in the world, but into a circle of fabrication and consumption. Man is becoming no longer consciously individ-

ual, but public. And here is a paradox: Modern (Western) man believes that the highest good is life—individual life; in this lies his essence. But modern society is fast becoming one vast, completely mechanized, impersonal unit. It is because of this problem that modern man is losing his individuality and consciousness; it is why he is becoming less and less able to think. When he becomes aware of himself in the world as it is today, he can see nothing but despair.

Jean-paul Sartre pictures this despair in *Nausea.* Antoine Roquentin exists, but because he has begun to question himself he can only feel despair. The senselessness of himself, his work, and the things around him cause him to feel what he calls Nausea. As the days pass he feels more and more the nothingness of his life. He realizes the uselessness of trying to re-create the past in his writing. The return of his old girlfriend shows him that his own past—the past relationship he had with her—has now ended, for she is not the same; her return has destroyed his remembrance. He sees that the past is over and that all he has is the present. But to him even that is nothing. His despair becomes even worse when he sees the Self-Taught man, whose actions *of one moment* destroy everything he has done before. Antoine Roquentin must leave his past. He must start again. Possibly he will find happiness on the other side of his despair. But for the moment he can only "exist slowly, softly, like the trees, like a puddle of water, like the red bench in the streetcar."

Why does modern man, not finding happiness, see only despair? Yesterday's man—a man such as Aeschylus—would not have done so. Oedipus is a tragic figure, but he is not one in despair. His tragedy is a result of his being human. If he had not been human he could have escaped his tragedy. He could have remained ignorant. But it was his nature as a man to find out the truth and suffer whatever the consequences. His "human-ness" caused him to act. Therefore, to act—to make a decision—was to live. To live entailed suffering; but suffering was a part of essence. What happens to Oedipus

happens because it is Oedipus' nature as a man to act and to live this nature. Aeschylus does not find despair in man's actions, even if they are tragic. Through action can be found both happiness and essence. And this happiness means more than just an absence of pain; it means suffering also. It takes in the whole realm of human experience.

But Aeschylus' idea was only one point along the path to today's despair that Western thought by its very nature was forced to travel. Man could not remain seeing happiness in suffering. Drama destroyed the past reality. It created a reality of the present (though it used the myths as vehicles for this expression). The present, not the past, was of the major importance. Though men could view the epics as reality, they were now *in* the reality of the drama and were presented with their tragic dignity of existence. But the evanescence of mortal life would not allow man to exist with this belief. He could no longer hold the view that the gods controlled all, but found himself in a new reality—one in which he was a part. He was no longer an insignificant subordinate, but was man in charge of his actions. While the gods had controlled the world, the insignificance of man's actions had been understandable. But now that man himself was in charge, he had to find some significance in what he did. To accept the fact that man—because he was man, not because he was a subordinate to a higher being—was insignificant, was to admit his senselessness in existing. He could not do that. He had to find a pattern, an ideal, and to find himself a place of importance in that pattern. It became not man's *doing* that gave significance, but *what* he could do. Man had no ideal left in gods. He no longer considered happiness as something attainable only by gods. Man had to create the perfect man, in man, something he could point to and say that he himself could become. The political and social system around man grew. Man worked to preserve his actions. Men began to contemplate and became known as philosophers, looking for an ideal through reason by an intensive intellectual search. Greece came to the Golden

Age; man became to himself Significant!

Thus we have the tradition that Western man has developed. And it is only recently that a few have begun to escape from this tradition. We look at Sisyphus, the Greek mythological figure, with pity at his despair, seeing him as a tragic figure. But Albert Camus in *Myth of Sisyphus* says that Sisyphus is not in despair. On the contrary, says he, Sisyphus is happy. He is happy because he realizes his consciousness; he realizes that his punishment is to feel the futility of his work. Therefore, since he realizes what his punishment is to be—the conscious awareness of futility—he can scorn it. This being able to scorn his punishment makes him happy.

Man suffers only when he is conscious. But consciousness does not have to imply suffering (i.e. absence of happiness). Man today, when he becomes conscious of his actions, sees only their futility. It is only when he is unconscious of his actions that he is sustained by a hope of success. But man does not have to destroy himself in despair. He has been and can become happy when he realizes that he is master of his days, that his fate has been created by himself. The mere struggle of man, knowing that he only, not a god (or God), makes himself what he is, can make him happy.

Camus has come very close to the ideas of Eastern man. Camus and other modern men have begun to realize that possibly an answer to the essence of human action can be found in this thought—the belief that man does not need to explain his existence, only to indicate (realize) it. Man, in Eastern thought, is not something apart from the world, but it united with it with his actions and his emotions. Ego is nothing by itself. The awareness of one's feelings only serves to unite him with the world. He does not turn to abstractions to define himeslf, but observes the world objectively, as it is, and act accordingly. It is *in* acting, not *by* acting that man finds his essence. The Eastern man would accuse the Western man of losing himself in the search for meaning when all the time it is to be found by living. The Eastern man would look

at Sartre's character and say, "You have the answer right under your nose. All you need do is live." Here possibly we have the answer to the modern Western man's feeling of despair. Here possibly we have an escape from the intellectual abstraction of Western man—man can realize his existence as man living. Perhaps this is the essence of his actions.

It should be easy now to say, "Okay. Here is the answer in Eastern thought; put it to work in my mind and all will be solved." But I cannot do that. I am so very conscious of my ego, my self, and I suffer (absence of happiness) when I see the increasing insignificance of it. I cannot be content with just life. Perhaps it is because I am a Western man, and perhaps by intensive and long study in the other culture I could escape my present pattern of thought. But that is impossible now. And as for my present actions, I at least must think they are meaning something. I end my thoughts, I am afraid, with a sense of despair—but only a form of it. For though I end on a rather pessimistic note, I have a feeling that something is brewing under the surface of those men still left who think, whether they realize it or not:

What, then, is essence to the modern man? Can he ever find a meaning in his actions? Will a loss of human goals, the loss of assurance for the preservation of one's actions, the growing sense of life's evanescence brought about by the growing complexity of "things to do," completely destroy the possibility of a thinking of one's essence in modern man? And with this loss, will all thought become nothing more than calculation (for the purpose of facility, or utility), a process then soon replaced by machines? Will the resultant extinction of work cause the mind to lose all awareness of the reality of life; will the actions of the mind thus become, like those of the body also, part of an abstraction called process—a continuum of existence which, without pain, without struggle, and therefore without feeling, would be meaningless? Will man's search for the essence of his actions have ended in failure? From here I can go no further. I have reached the point where all I can

do is abstract, or objectively exist, whichever I choose. I cannot prophecy, but can only observe. I close with one observation: There was recently on the market a popular recording in which the singer told of his working ("sweatin' ") until five o'clock every afternoon, then when the whistle blew, his "life" began. With his day's pay and a "long-haired girl" to help him spend it, he "forgets about the world" until the end of the day. In the morning he must again face the reality of work. There is no more to the song; the verses are only repeated. The song is entitled "Five o'Clock World." To an increasing number of people each day, this "world" is beginning at four o'clock. ●

The Conspiracy Phobia of The Lunatic Fringe

——————— *by* Bob Martin

The history of our nation, short though it may be when compared with that of other nations of the earth, has had its share of those individuals and segments of society which Theodore Roosevelt designated "the Lunatic Fringe." This fringe has existed from the outset of our history and small though it has been, it has exerted a considerable influence upon the course of United States life both politically and socially. The degree of influence has of course varied but Gerald W. Johnson believes that:

> If we go back far enough to be certain that we know the results, we find the lunacies of the Lunatic Fringe falling into two classes: those, such as the phalansteries of Fourier, that inflicted only microscopic damage on the country and have long been forgotten and those, such as most of the speculations of Thomas Paine, that have turned out to be not lunacy at all, but prophecy.

The pool of American political life is normally as stable as that of a democracy is capable of being, providing a relatively realistic reflection of existing conditions; however, not too infrequently some individual or issue is cast into its midst and the shock waves which emanate from this event disturb the stability of the political pool. A major factor in bringing about these disturbances is the phenomenon which Richard Hofstadter calls "the paranoid style in American politics." Mr. Hofstadter is quick to point out that in using this term he does not wish to classify anyone as a total lunatic; indeed

he says:

> I have neither the competence nor the desire to classify any figures of the past or present as certifiable lunatics. In fact, the idea of the paranoid style as a force in politics would have little contemporary relevance or historical value if it were applied only to men with profoundly disturbed minds. It is the use of paranoid modes of expression by more or less normal people that makes the phenomenon significant.

From anti-Masons to Joseph McCarthy this paranoiac specter of "heated exaggeration, suspiciousness, and conspiratorial fantasy" has haunted our society.

The basic character of this paranoid element of our society has not changed greatly since its appearance on the American scene. For example, the fear of some kind of great conspiracy against the people of the United States is not a phenomenon which has developed with the spread of communism. Communism is merely the latest focal point of this phobia.

In the late 1820's and 1830's there arose a great fear of a Masonic plot. Various sinister tales about this fraternal order swept across the land, evoking such characteristically paranoiac overstatements as that of an anti-Masonic writer who said that "free Masonry was not only the most abominable but also the most dangerous institution that ever was imposed on man. It may truly be said to be hell's masterpiece." Throughout the nation there seemed to be the fear that this secretive order with its elaborate rules and organization was completely incompatible with democracy. As a matter of course, this anti-Masonic movement found its way into the political realm and thus was born the anti-Masonic party.

After a time this phobia, like all other things mortal, passed away and having been laid to rest, its decaying corpse should have served to fertilize the soil of American experience, but evidently it did not. No sooner had it been laid to rest than a new fear took hold and began to spread. This time it was anti-Catholicism, a latent attitude in many Protestants which for some reason now flared up vigorously. This phase of

American paranoia was characterized by fears of Catholic agents and popish plots which ran rampart throughout the land. Among those involved in the movement were such notable figures as Samuel F. B. Morse who penned a work called *Foreign Conspiracies Against the Liberties of the United States* and such odd characters as one Mariah Monk, who allegedly was the author of a best seller called *Awful Disclosures.* One can discern something of the mentality of anti-Catholicism when realizing that Morse had awful forebodings of a great conspiracy originating in the Austrian government of Metternich and implemented by Jesuit missionaries; and Mariah Monk's awful disclosures, probably not coincidentally, were the type of sordid disclosures which the anti-Catholics avidly devoured. Unfortunately anti-Catholicism, like the anti-Masonic movement, entered the realm of politics, but even more unfortunately—unlike the anti-Masonic phobia—it has died hard, as is evident in the fact that it re-occurred in the 1890's, again in the 1920's with the presidential campaign of Al Smith, and even to some degree in the campaign of John F. Kennedy in 1960.

And so the menacing conspiratorial serpent slithers on through our history, seen only by those who are apparently endowed by their creator with the power to see it. Wily creature that it is, it adjusts itself chameleon-like to changing conditions, appearing now as a slave holder's plot to control the government, then as a plot of the money powers to control the wealth of the nation, and later as a plot on the part of the munitions manufacturers to maneuver the nation into war for their own benefits. And all the time, it is watched by the unerring eyes of our apocalyptic friends.

Generally the paranoiac spasms which our nation has experienced have been brought about by the actions of a relatively few extraordinary individuals or a comparatively small segment of society. Occasionally, however, especially after a war, an unusually large portion of the population seems to have become engulfed in the paranoiac wave. Such was the

case following both World War I and World War II. After these wars, the more extreme paranoids were certain that they could see the grinning mouth of the serpent of conspiracy gaping open with its fangs protruding, about to strike the heel of Lady Liberty; thus they shrieked long and loud and, to a society already somewhat unbalanced by the ordeal of war, these ratings struck terror.

One can understand without too much difficulty the uneasiness of many Americans following the first World War. During the course of the conflict an entire nation had fallen by revolution into the hands of what the average American considered an extremely radical political faction. As he looked at Russia, the thought probably crossed his mind that it was not inconceivable that such events could happen in the United States. The world into which he had been born had received a severe shock. Things that once seemed incredible no longer seemed so, and he began to have difficulty distinguishing between reality and the fanciful. Frederick Lewis Allen described the American's state of mind as follows:

> . . . he had been nourished during the war years upon stories of spies and plotters and international intrigue. He had been convinced that German sympathizers signaled to one another with lights from mountain-tops and put ground glass into surgical dressings, and he had formed the habit of expecting tennis courts to conceal gun-emplacements. His credulity had thus been stretched until he was quite ready to believe that a struggle of American laboring men for better wages was the beginning of an armed rebellion directed by Lenin and Trotsky, and that behind every innocent professor who taught that there were arguments for as well as against socialism there was a bearded rascal from eastern Europe with a money bag in one hand and a smoking bomb in the other.

Such an attitude, understandable though it may be, is symptomatic of the paranoia which occasionally sweeps over our country.

Similar paranoiac waves swept across the nation following the second World War. The nation faced economic problems

such as the scarcity of some commodities and the high prices of others, as well as the problems of labor dissatisfaction and to some degree a surplus labor force. The nation was also menaced by a mood of anti-Rooseveltism, at least in some quarters, and, as has been the case for the last generation or two, the anti-Communistic phobia was in evidence. To these problems was added the new and haunting awareness that mankind now possessed weapons of unequaled destructive capabilities, and this awareness did little to allay the sense of uneasiness following the war.

Americans during the first few years following the war possessed an attitude which in some situations would be considered most fortunate but in other situations most unfortunate. They had a kind of energetic confidence. Eric Goldman captures something of their spirit as he says:

> We are a people whose history has made us the land of the swift, total solution, brought about by ourselves alone. We faced a wilderness; we hacked it down. We were vexed by slavery; we cut it out of our system. We fought Britishers, Mexicans, Spaniards, Germans, Germans plus Japanese and licked them all with short shrift.

We were the nation who had coined the phrase "the difficult we do immediately, the impossible takes a little longer." Such an attitude is understandable in a country which had just participated in two of the greatest conflicts the world had ever seen and on both occasions had emerged the victor.

A significant flaw in the average American's state of mind, however, has always been a tendency toward oversimplification. As a part of this tendency he viewed Socialism and Communism as an unqualified evil and American Democracy as a relatively unqualified good. He was seemingly oblivious to any situation in which limited Socialistic programs might be beneficial. This is evident in both the anti-New Dealism which erupted in some quarters and the careful scrutiny of the government by those who regarded any action it took outside the realm of what is considered to be its jurisdiction

as a leap toward Communism. Once again, after 1945, the great conspiratorial phobia was unleashed on the country. It found its way into the halls of Congress and was given expression by such declamations as that of Senator Homer Capehart who arose in the Senate and exclaimed, "How much more are we going to have to take? Fuchs and Acheson and Hiss and hydrogen bombs threatening outside and New Dealism eating away the vitals of the nation. In the name of Heaven, is this the best America can do?"

As it happened, the American people were going to take a good deal more, not from Communism and New Dealism, but from a barrel chested, bushy eyebrowed Senator from Wisconsin named Joseph McCarthy, the most famous or perhaps the most infamous opponent of the great conspiracy since the second World War. From the anti-Masonic movement to the present, politicians have turned the fears of the people to their own advantage and Senator McCarthy got considerable political mileage out of this technique. This is not to say that Senator McCarthy did not believe that there existed Communist agents in our government, for the vigor with which he pressed his attack seemed to indicate a degree of sincerity. Senator McCarthy expressed views such as, "In my opinion the State Department, which is one of the most important government departments, is thoroughly infested with Communists," and he went so far as to make accusations against various individuals including "that pompous diplomat in striped pants, with a phony British accent," Dean Acheson.

The Senator's attack on Acheson had overtones of anti-intellectualism, another recurrent phobia of American life. Further evidence of this is revealed as McCarthy stated in his famous Wheeling speech:

> It has not been the less fortunate or members of the minority groups who have been selling this Nation out, but rather those who have had all the benefits that the wealthiest nation on earth has had to offer—the finest homes, the finest college education, and the finest jobs in Government we can

> give. This is glaringly true in the State Department. There the bright young men who were born with silver spoons in their mouths are the ones who have been worst.

One sees in this remark not only an element of prejudice against the well educated but also against those of a rather high social status, which like anti-intellectualism is not a new phase of the American attitude.

It was at this point that the vigorous and oversimplifying aspect of the state of mind of many Americans was channeled into an unfortunate course. The instability created by McCarthy's mighty verbal barrage precipitated the equivalent of a twentieth century witch hunt. The American, with his grossly oversimplifying mind, suddenly believed that his nation was being infiltrated by the agents of a menacing idealogy, and knowing that all Communists were devilishly bad creatures, he proceeded with characteristic vigor and swiftness to find the fiendish enemy and cast him forever from the land of democratic paradise. The unfortunate thing about these activities was that the participants, like their Salem ancestors, were extremely careless about determining the actual guilt of the victims. It is ironic that the present adult generation looks upon such events as the Salem witch trials with much disdain.

Judging from the frenzied cries of our contemporary paranoid friends, one must assume that the McCarthyites' witch hunt was unsuccessful, for even now we are plagued by groups who apparently believe that our democratic way of life lies upon its deathbed and that unless something is done quickly it will go into Communistic convulsions and shortly pass away, being replaced by some Communistic totalitarian regime. Of course it would be quite naive to say that there are no Communists within our social and political structure, but the accusations of some of the present day Salemites reach the point of being tragically ridiculous.

At least one compliment which can be paid the contemporary pursuers of the devil's disciples is that they are scrupulously thorough. Not even the ranks of the religious have

escaped their scrutiny. To their satisfaction they have discovered Communistic fiendish conspirators disguised in clergyman's cloth peering from the pulpits at their unsuspecting flock. Mr. Robert Welch made the nation aware of this menace when he disclosed "that about three percent of the Protestant clergy are Comsymps"—Communist sympathizers. In addition to this news our ever vigilant friends have revealed that the Revised Standard Version of the Bible is the interpretative product of a small group of Communists and have alerted us to the fact that the social gospel is a euphemism for socialism.

The acutely perceptive paranoids of the present day have also to their gratification revealed that the great conspiracy which they have been prophesying to the unwary has penetrated the halls of our educational institutions. It has for some time been common knowledge among these individuals that the halls of ivy are incubators for young subversives. Now to our horror they have informed us that the terrible conspiratorial serpent has slithered under the door of the little red schoolhouse and is about to strike at the young hearts of our nation. It has even been so audacious as to wriggle its way into that most American of educational organizations, the P. T. A.

These alarms sounded by the Conspiracy watchers may seem to the reader to be rather amusing and indeed they are, but occasionally their revelations pass from the realm of the amusing into that of the pathetically bizarre. An example of the latter occurred in February 1964 when *American Opinion* magazine carried an article concerning the assassination of President Kennedy. The thesis of the article was

> . . . that a Communist plot for taking over the United States in 1963 was falling behind schedule because of the efforts of the Birchers and other conservative patriots, and because President Kennedy was not delivering the assigned quote of conspiratorial gains.
>
> * * * *
>
> . . . Kennedy was becoming a "political liability" because his power to deceive Americans was on the wane. Hence, the Conspiracy, needing some "drastic means of checking the

growth of American patriotism," decided to liquidate him and blame the assassination on the patriots.

From the anti-Masons to the present anti-Communist Extremists, the paranoid segment of the Lunatic Fringe has been seemingly obsessed by the idea that they are about to become the victim of a great conspiracy brought about by agents of some foreign powers or by treasonous elements in our own country. A major factor which distinguishes this form of lunacy from other phases of the Lunatic Fringe is a significant lack of positive aims. It is notable that the term "anti" is generally associated with the paranoid movement. Perhaps this negative attitude explains the reason why the paranoids, while they have menaced American politics, have had little substantial and long range effect upon the government, whereas their counterparts with positive aims involved in such organizations as the Progressive party have had considerable influence. In any case, the conspiracy phobia among many of the Lunatic Fringe so evident in our history is worth noting in order that we may avoid being caught up in the frenzy which recurs so frequently. ●

Bibliographical note: The sources for Mr. Martin's paper are *The Lunatic Fringe* by Gerald W. Johnson; "The Paranoid style in American Politics" in *Harper's Magazine*, November 1964 by Richard Hofstadter; *Only Yesterday* by Frederick Lewis Allen; *The Crucial Decade* by Eric F. Goldman; *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life* by Richard Hofstadter; and *The Strange Tactics of Extremism* by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet.

—Ed.

Easter Monday

On Saint Patrick's Day last—
That is to say, the seventeenth of March—
around the door of an Italian bar
In a predominantly Polish neighborhood—
were festooned crepe and foil of green:
Glossy shamrocks and fluttering streamers—
mantling, I suppose—and for a crest,
the popular likeness of an Irishman.
Alfred E. Newman he was, all in green:
Stovepipe hat, knee breeches and shilelagh,
Meerschaum pipe and a profusion of Buckles,
and withal a grin
like a sheepish fetus.

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to the People of Ireland

———Pearse read from the post-office steps:
Pearse, who bestrode the Pegasus,
and De Valera, who taught math,
and Connolly, the social critic,
and in the ranks somewhere
an erstwhile captain of Liverpool Volunteers
who knew the rudiments of drill.

A crowd of marching men
strides across an old sepia photograph
tweed-capped and stolid, but in their midst
a young dude in an ice-cream suit,
straw hat and celluloid collar.
All of them shoulder rifles
of which they are not entirely trustful.
All the wild geese, coming home.

—R. W. McCredie

Wonderin'

That first cold morning, as I lay in bed
And hugged my pillow and snuggled
Under the covers to keep warm,
Was proof enough for me that fall had come.
But why? I couldn't understand.
I knew about such things as chlorophyll
And xanthrophyll and carotene,
But the brown carpet of decaying leaves outside
Was more than I could comprehend.

I often wonder what the turtle, buried in a pond's muddy bottom,
Or the serpent, underneath its stone,
Or the yellow butterfly, flying, in the sunlight, among the goldenrod,
Thinks of it.
A golden autumn afternoon frolicking
Among the weeds and wild flowers
Is the butterfly:
Today, a care-free moment's joy,
It lies, tomorrow, frozen in the snow.

Yet, I would be the butterfly
That flies around on autumn afternoons,
For then I wouldn't have to try
To understand why fall has come again,
And summer's died.
The leaves all falling from the trees,
The sky so far away, and so dark blue,
The brevity of daylight, too.
Such things as these I wouldn't have to try to understand,
If I could fly among the goldenrod,
And be a yellow butterfly
On a sunny afternoon . . .

—Herbert Kitson

Autumn

In man's silence and night;
Pools running deep, and cold,
Faint forms come to light,
Glow green, then gold,
And pass out of sight.

—EDWARD ALDERMAN

Meditation

At times,
I love to sit alone,
        to walk alone
and meditate on
        what IS;
to understand the
        now completely;
to really see—see
things for what they are
————but what is
it that I see?—
        apathy—
        insincerity—
        craft—
but really what do I see—
I meditate—
What is the whole of destiny?

—CARTER THOMASSON

Wofford Odes:

PART I.

Phaiacia
And Alcinoos
Has a Ph.D. in Economics

Did real roses ever grow here?
Now they make plastic roses
And try to arrange every one in a vase just so.

In chapel:
"Blessed are the meek"
followed by
"May it ever
"Be our watchword
"Conquer and **Prevail."**

A square cap with tassel and a black gown.
How many dishes have hidden under them?

Kung said: "Elaborate phrasing and correct appearances seldom means manhood."

Kung said: "The anthology of 300 poems can be gathered into one sentence: Have no twisty thoughts." If only our chapel speakers knew this.

—JERRY WALL

Wrath & Confusion

Sky of blackest velvet falls and
Fiery sunrise starts the morning.
Bugles blare for waking soldiers;
Canonry blast and slaughter troopers;
Snipers maim the frightened fighters;
Thundering planes are swooping toward us;
Discharged napalm burning closer;
Weary rookies scramble blindly,
Panting, trembling, stumbling, forward.
Twisted corpses lie in puddles;
Weapon smoldering near the carcass;
Where have we acquired our hatred?
Tiny children playing war and
Watching rape and hate in movies?
Reading propaganda telling
Lies about all the souls who seek the
Dismal chance of peace and quiet?
Can the foe love a woman?
Does the veteran embrace a baby?
Does he love to laugh and smile?
Does the soldier gaze at beauty?

Answer loud if there is logic
Why is man intent on hating
When all know that love is triumphant.

—BILL WITMER

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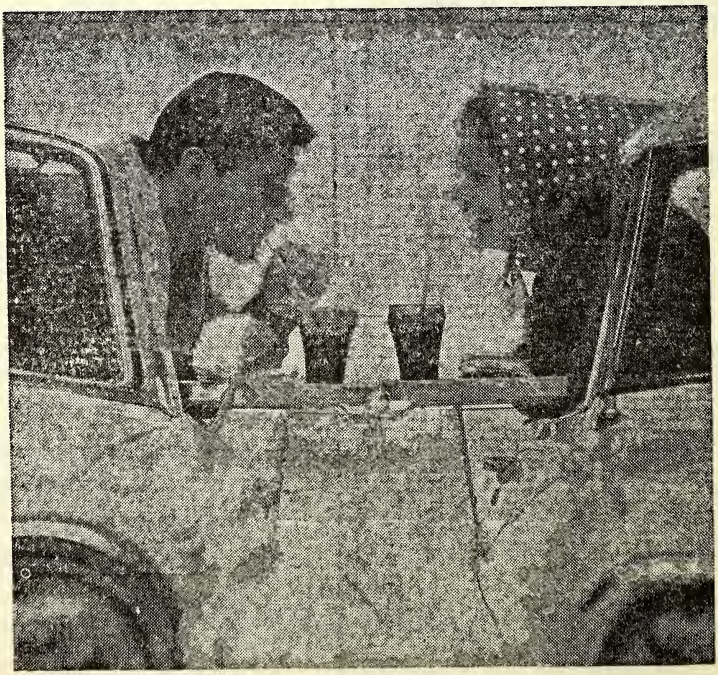

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The Journal

WOFFORD COLLEGE ——— JANUARY, 1967

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THE JOURNAL

Established 1889 — Volume 78, Number 2

Editor ..... Harry McKown
Business Manager ..... Stan Watson
Associate Editor ..... Rusty McCredie
Art Editor ..... Will Willimon

The Journal is published four times during the academic year—November, January, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Price Caldwell is adviser. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

Cover: The cover this issue was done by our new librarian, Professor Frank J. Anderson, who came to Wofford from the mid-west with this fresh rendering of a spring flower and some fresh ideas for our delapidated library.

Peacemaker

——————— *by* Charles Thompson

The professor entered the room to the sound of scraping chairs as the students came to attention. His simple black tunic rested lightly on his shoulders; only the Medal of the Federation hanging from his neck broke the suit's clean lines as they plunged to his hips where a weapons belt and Peacemaker marksman pistol had been strapped.

"Well, quit standing there like a bunch of dead wood, siddown." The professor ignored the steps leading to the room's stage, choosing instead to jump into position with a strong, cat-like grace. He turned, dug his thumbs into the weapons belt, and started speaking in a bored, matter-of-fact manner.

"All right, let's get the formalities over. This is Elementary Weapons Orientation, Eugene S. Harmon, Instructor, fifth session. Any man wishing to drop this course has ten seconds in which to indicate his desire. At the end of that time class will continue with total student participation until the end of the period." Harmon waited the specified time in silence and when no hand was raised a mocking grin appeared on his face. "Good!" he rolled the word at the bottom of his throat making it almost a laugh. "If there are any questions ask now." He paused, "Very well, I declare truce over."

A pill shaped object arced through the air, sizzling its way toward the stage. Harmon kicked it into the first row of chairs and in the same swift motion brought a sonic stunner from his weapons belt, blasting the student that had thrown the bomb. He replaced the stunner and slowly shook his head as he looked over the first row whose students were still sprawled on the floor cautiously watching the bomb.

"What a bunch of jerks! My advance course students wouldn't have batted an eye and here half of you are on the floor when a small bomb is thrown. You're paying yourself a compliment if you think I'd trust one of you near even a simple weapon like that; I'd feel safer with it in my back pocket."

Harmon's gaze flicked to the back of the room where the student that had thrown the bomb was struggling to his feet, gasping for air and holding his chest where the sonic wave had hit him.

"Mr. Wilson." The student weakly acknowledged Harmon's call. "I find it hard to believe that you were this stupid, Wilson. I know it's early in the semester but by now you should have detailed information on my defensive weapons. A Janson suppressor field surrounds this stage and you couldn't get an atomic bomb to do so much as sneeze while it's on. Do you seriously think a pillbomb even bothers me? That's why I'm so upset with the men on the first row." He gave the front row an encompassing contemptuous look. "They should have known that thing was as harmless as last year's tactics. As for you Wilson, report to the armorer this afternoon and have him give you three hours of throwing instruction. That thing was so high and fat I had time to decide where to put it. You won't last three seconds under field conditions if you throw like that."

"Nothin'." Harmon let the word hang in the air as if it had life of its own. "Do you realize that not one of you so much as pretended to attack me while I was yelling at Wilson? My attention was focused on one man and at the best time of attack not one of you even moved. All of you know the basics of using your weapons; this course is designed to give you practice in learning when to use them and you're failing miserably. I'm not as much a teacher as a target that shoots back and if you don't learn to hit me with everything in your favor somebody's gonna get hurt and it won't be me. We have several hundred agents on missions right now and they aren't protected by a rule that says the instructor can't kill them. If

you don't start acting like your life depends upon every move you make you'll never get out of this school in one piece. We won't kill you but we don't guarrantee that you'll graduate with the same pair of legs you had on opening day." He sighed heavily. "Well, since no one seems interested in trying his luck I'll try to pound some weaponry tactics in your thick skulls. The reason I used a sonic stunner rather than a nerve-gas weapon is . . ."

Harmon half turned to face a blackboard, then suddenly dropped to one knee and plucked a knife that had been thrown at him from the air. He still had his back to the class but his voice, menacingly clear, easily carried across the hushed classroom.

"You shouldn't have done that Carter." He stood and turned at the same time, "We have mirrors mounted just in case someone tries to attack when a professor's back is turned but such a thing just isn't done. Do you understand . . . Mr. Carter?" Harmon's words carried all the warmth of a dead fish on an iceberg. Before Carter could speak Harmon continued, "I'm going to make sure you understand Mr. Carter and the rest of you refugees from a rest home better not interfere or you'll be making a hurried trip to the infirmary." Harmon pulled the Peacemaker revolver from its holster then unhurriedly brought the hammer back, allowing each click to be a distinct, separate sound.

"You better not move; in fact I wouldn't even breathe hard if I were you, Carter." Harmon extended his arm full length bringing the Peacemaker's front sights to bear on Carter's forehead. "I'm just a poor instructor who isn't allowed to do any more than seriously wound you and yet you can use any type of weapon you desire, lethal or otherwise. Now am I asking too much of you to request that you at least not try to kill me when my back is turned? Well am I?" Harmon roared.

Carter's face was covered with sweat, "No . . ." he swallowed carefully, "no sir."

"Now, back up until you hit that wall behind you and I

want to see you as hard against it as possible." Carter obeyed, making each step slow and quiet as if his footfalls would set the revolver off. Harmon waited a slow moment then lifted the knife into throwing position.

"You know, I'm not very good at throwing a knife with my left hand; it's too bad I happened to catch it with that one." His arm came back smoothly, cocking at the elbow then snapped forward like a striking snake, sending the knife hissing at Carter. The knife thudded home next to Carter's neck, cutting a fine line across the side of his throat. He waited what seemed an eternity before lightly raising a finger to touch the blade. His finger moved along the edge next to his throat until it encountered the warm dampness of blood; its exploration stopped there for Carter immediately paled and fainted.

Harmon made clicking noises with his tongue. "I told him I was a bad throw with my left hand. I was aiming for his feet." This brought a relieved burst of laughter from the rest of the students.

"All right sir, freeze." Harmon looked to the other side of the classroom where one of the students was standing with a pistol the size of a small cannon in his hand.

"Not bad. At last one of my students has shown the ability to use a situation for his own good. By the way, where did you get that artillery piece from? I've never seen anything quite like it."

"It's a Kruger works model, heavy caliber, made for hunting anything up to and including whales; but I'm more interested in what's going to happen next. From what I understand we get to exempt the rest of the course if we make the professor admit that he's been beaten. Do I get that or do I have to shoot you?"

Harmon ignored the student's question and continued as if he were lecturing, "I should have known better than to trust a silent type. Your name is George Coleen isn't it?"

"Yes, but quit stalling. Do you admit that I've the right to an exemption? There certainly isn't any doubt that I could kill

you if I wanted."

"I really don't see how I could Mr. Coleen; you've made one great mistake."

"What's that?" asked Coleen worriedly.

It was impossible to tell which man fired first. Harmon's hands were at his sides one moment, the next both held a gun. Coleen's shot was wide and high, tearing away a five foot section of the wall near Harmon. The professor's shots where much better aimed for Coleen gasped and fell by his desk. The Peacemaker's bullet had penetrated just above Coleen's belt buckle, a jagged red circle of blood marked the place, while the green and yellow feathered vanes of three cocaine darts were evenly spaced in the area above his heart.

Harmon replaced the dart gun on his weapons belt and slid the still smoking Peacemaker into its holster. "Mr. Coleen asked me a very valid question." He gave the class a short pause in which to recover then continued, "His one great mistake was that he pulled a gun and didn't use it. There is only one fatal error that can be made in a mission and that is to give the other man a chance to shoot back. Mr. Coleen will spend a month or two in the hospital which is an exceedingly cheap price to pay for the lesson he has learned."

"One more thing," Harmon turned to look at the gaping hole in the wall, "these buildings are expensive. A large caliber gun like Coleen was using will just cause you to flinch and spoil your aim; a smaller weapon will do the job just as well and you stand a better chance of hitting what you're shooting at. So for the sake of the building lay off the heavy stuff."

"I guess I'll have to dismiss class because if Coleen isn't cleaned up pretty soon he'll end up bleeding to death. Personally I'd consider it a small loss but the administration thinks all of you are junior Flash Gordons. This means you will be getting out thirty minutes early. Therefore, I'll expect each of you to make a run through the lethal weapons obstacle course before next class period to take that lost time's place. Any question? Very well, I declare truce in effect. Attention!" The students

popped out of their seats. "Dismissed."

The stretcher crew was in the classroom with Harmon's last word. A doctor examined the bulllet wound and pulled the three darts from Coleen's chest. He smiled at Harmon and walked over to the stage.

"You're getting better. Only one major organ has been ruptured and I can take care of that in a jiffy. It's nothing like when you first came off line duty. I used to have to work for my pay; now you're making it almost too easy. Here, take your darts back. I know it doesn't help matters to have a wounded student screaming during class but I think you should have shot him and forgotten about the sedation. A little pain wouldn't have hurt him and it'd do those other characters more good than harm to listen to a man scream. Must be off now. I'll let you know when he'll be ready for class." The doctor waved his emergency kit at Harmon and scurried after the stretcher which had disappeared through the back door.

Harmon watched the last students file from the classroom then jumped off the stage and headed up the aisle. He paused a moment before the door however, noticing a small difference in the usual shadow pattern. His tight cynical smile appeared once more and he picked up his pace, striding into the hall.

"Ha-Ki!" a form hurtled through the air with a blood-curdling cry. Harmon's Peacemaker came out of its holster and its hand-grip ended up squarely in his attacker's face. The man stopped in mid-air and crumpled to the floor with a moan.

"Now listen Bill," Harmon said while wiping the slightly bloodied Peacemaker with his handkerchief, "I keep telling you that in hand-to-hand combat you should never attack unless you're within five feet of your opponent. The docs will have to give you a new face if you keep this up, because I have too much time to react. Another thing: I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't attack me right after an elementary class. Just because we don't have a truce in an advanced non-lethal course doesn't mean we have to give the beginning students any ideas."

"By the way, I'm having a small party for some of the boys

at my place tonight and you're invited."

Bill spit out some blood and a large piece of a tooth then managed a painful grin. "Thanks, I'll be there."

With that Harmon walked on down the corridor, whistling a tune that a man of his standing should have forgotten long ago. Yet you expected it of a man such as Eugene Harmon; he wore the Peacemaker pistol and that was the explanation enough. ●

We are nobody ones,
The sullen and bitter ones.
We are the wise-mouth ones---
The classday scholars, the weekend
drunks.
We are the pubescent, bearded ones;
The urchins of decay.

We have come to bare our teeth in
churches,
Yelp in classrooms,
Dance in barrooms.
We have come to mate with squalor,
Deposit our offspring,
And scamper away.

---George Whitaker

The New Theology . . . II.

———————— *by* John E. Adams

We have established in the last article that God, or whatever you wish to call that great Mystery in life, is the creator and sustainer of all things, good and evil; and that He directs the course of history by the challenges and problems that He places before man. We also saw that this God can be extremely cantankerous. We might even say He often appears evil.

Continuing our look at the Twentieth Century theology, we now turn to Paul Tillich and his paper "You Are Accepted." First of all I would like to introduce you, briefly, to this wonderful man called by some "Uncle Paul." Paul Tillich was born August 20, 1886, in the Slavic village of Starzeddel. With the help of Reinhold Niebuhr he fled the tyranny of Hitler in 1933 to become a professor at Union Theological Seminary in New York, and spent considerable time working with refugees from Europe. Tillich has, with good reason, been called the "theologian's theologian." He was at home in several fields of thought: history, philosophy, psychology, art, and political analysis (he was no mean scholar). Tillich never mastered English, so he dictated all of his theological writings off the top of his head, in German, to an assistant. Doing his writing on Saturday afternoons, he would take his assistant to his simple apartment and seat him at a bare kitchen table. He would then place a bottle of brandy on the table. When the brandy was gone, the day's work was done.

The majority of Tillich's work requires a great deal of time and patience to wade through. However, we do have available several fine shorter articles and books in paperback.

I highly recommend these to you.

The paper—really a sermon—at which we shall now look, deals with two greatly misused and misunderstood words that we continually hear in churches and religious discussions. These are SIN and GRACE. In looking at, in *re*defining these two terms, we shall also get a glimpse of Tillich's Christology.

Tillich's sermon is based upon Romans 5:20:

> Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

As great and as intelligent a man as he was, Tillich admits in the opening lines of the sermon that he always feared the use of this particular verse of scripture. He found in this one verse two facts which he called the "all-determining facts of our life: the abounding of sin and the greater abounding of grace." Tillich felt that the two words which are perhaps most strange to us are SIN and GRACE. Their strangeness results from their commonness in our lives, and the distorting connotations given them. However, all attempts at discarding them or making substitutions have failed, including Tillich's. This means that we must *re*discover the depth of their meaning and their power in our lives which gives them a certain eternality. The roots for these words are deep in human existence and it is here that we must rediscover them. Each generation must do this. With this fact established, Tillich goes on to redefine these terms. First, sin does *not* mean an immoral act! Secondly, sin should never be used in the plural. In Tillich's opinion all attempts to make distinctions between the "sinners" and the "righteous" are absurd and should be abandoned. Sin, in Tillich's view, is *separation*. Separation is threefold: "there is separation among individual lives (from others), separation of a man from himself, and separation of all men from the Ground of Being (God)." This separation is a universal fact, a fact of human existence; that is, common to *all* men. We as men know we are estranged from something with which we should be united. Separation, experienced as both *fate* and

guilt, constitutes sin. This state of separation is forced upon us by our very existence. "Existence is separation!"

Well, what about grace? Grace is experienced by all men because it is a prerequisite for a knowledge of sin. We might say experience of grace is an inherent part of our early existence, but by being thrust into existence or separation we lose this state of grace which we will from then on strive to reattain. Of course one can see that the relationship of grace and sin is a concomitant one. The following ideas of grace are rejected by Tillich: grace as willingness of a divine king and father to forgive; grace as a magic power in the dark places of the soul; grace as benevolence; grace as an indication of the gifts that one has received from nature or society. Rather, Tillich states, "grace is the *re*union of life with life, the *re*conciliation of the self with itself. Grace is the acceptance of that which is rejected. Grace transforms fate into a meaningful destiny; it changes guilt into confidence and courage."

Tillich next explains how sin—separation—abounds all about us. He closes this section by dealing with estrangement from the "Ground of our being." The Ground of our being is both the origin and the aim of our life. We know not our origin nor our aim. Therefore, "we are separated from the mystery, the depth, and the greatness of our existence." But there is something paradoxical about this estrangement of man. As hard as man may try to escape it, that is the source of our existence, the Ground of Being, he finds that he is irrevocably bound to it. We are separated, yet we are bound, eternally bound. This "fact brings us to the ultimate depth of sin; separated and yet bound, estranged and yet belonging, destroyed and yet preserved, the state called *despair.* Despair means that there is no escape . . . Sin in its most profound sense, sin, as despair, abounds amongst us."

Well——, Tillich has placed us in a rather helpless situation. We are in a state of sin, separation, which is best characterized by despair and which is inescapable. How in the world

does man achieve or experience grace? How does he find release from despair? Let us recall, as does Tillich, Paul who had his experience on the road to Damascus. It should be remembered that Paul was as despised by those he persecuted as can be imagined. He was involved in a despicable business which he himself apparently hated. On the road to Damascus he must have been in as utter despair as "pre-exams blues" create for some of us. In the picture of Christ that appeared to Paul, in perhaps his greatest moment of despair, he found himself *accepted* in spite of his being rejected. He found that he, as a person, was accepted; and he was then, and only then, able to accept himself and to be reconciled to others. Grace, or the experience of grace, is a reunion with that to which he belonged.

"You are accepted, accepted by that which is greater than you, and the name of which you do not know." This is what grace is, *acceptance*. It comes in a flash and passes. Grace happens or it does not happen. Grace, contrary to the belief of some, cannot be induced or anticipated. There is nothing we as human beings can do to make it happen. It won't happen if we force it or if we deny need of it. Grace will strike us when we least expect it. It comes when:

1.—we are in great pain and restlessness;
2.—life is meaningless and empty;
3.—separation is deeper than usual;
4.—we have violated another life;
5.—in great disgust;
6.—in great compulsion;
7.—all courage and joy are gone. In other words, when life is just hell.

Grace can happen to a person who has never heard the word Jesus Christ, or to those steeped in words about Him.

What happens when grace comes? According to Tillich, nothing! We are simply accepted. We are able to look at

ourselves and accept ourselves for what we are. We are not to ask for the name of the mystery which accepts us; not to try to do anything; not to perform anything; not to intend anything. All we are to do is simply to accept the fact that we are accepted. This is grace. This experience, whether you call it salvation, the incoming of the Holy Spirit, grace or the Christ happening, will not make us any better. It does not, Tillich explains, mean that we automatically believe that God exists, or that Jesus Christ is the Saviour, or any other dogma of the church. It does not mean that we are making moral progress, though this *may* be a fruit of the experience; it is not grace itself. "*Nothing* is demanded of this experience, no religious or moral or intellectual presupposition, nothing but *acceptance*."

Tillich notes that we experience only *moments* of acceptance. The moments we can neither force upon ourselves nor others. They come and may be gone very quickly.

The inevitable question at this point—that is at the point of explaining grace without mentioning Jesus coming into your life—is: where does this Jesus Christ fit into the pattern? Christ, in terms of the grace here defined, is a *happening*. A happening makes us look at our illusory life. Tillich feels that Christ is that in life which makes us stand back and look at our lives of facades, defenses, shortcomings and filth and makes us say, it is I, and I am accepted. Christ's being a happening is very offensive. For a description of an offensive Messiah one might look at Isaiah 53. Why is Christ offensive? What could be more offensive than a force which makes us to look at ourselves *just* as we *are* and not as we wish we were. As Tillich comments in other sources, Christ, in forcing us to do so, tells us that there isn't any escape. There is no place to run and hide, no quiet chapel, no Christ, no heaven to protect us and to provide us with escape from life. When we meet Christ as that which forces us to look at ourselves, we have come to that moment in history when we must say *yes* or *no* to life. The historical Jesus showed us that acceptance was there and real, and also

showed us how to say yes to life and how to live in it. Grace, or the experience of grace, may be said to be that moment in our lives when a force (Christ) makes us look at ourselves and decide whether to say yes or no to ourselves as we are, and at the same time to say yes or no to life. The experience of grace, the Christ happening, does three things:

it seizes you
it offends you
and it demands a decision of you.

You are saying "yes" or "no" to life. You are forced to accept or reject yourself. Grace comes when you accept the fact that you are accepted.

You are accepted. ●

The Art of Frank J. Anderson

Professor Frank J. Anderson, Wofford's new, energetic librarian, has already shown himself to be a worthy addition to the college community.

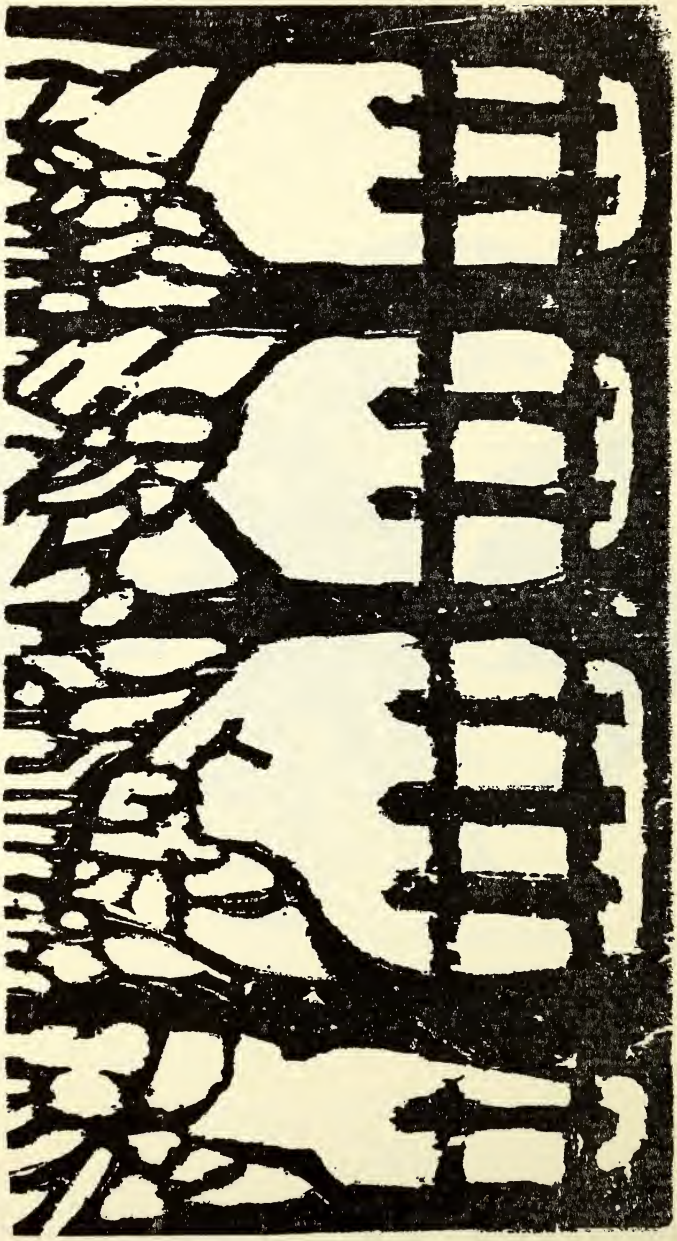
Professor Anderson's avocation is art. While librarian at Kansas Wesleyan University, he exhibited and attracted favorable attention on the East and West coasts. His November show in Wofford's art gallery consisted of a collection of "Miniature Art"—his latest enthusiasm. The exhibit consisted of sixty-six works, all very small in size, done in a variety of media. In "Miniature Art," Mr. Anderson has attempted to, ". . . take a miniature look at people, places, and things . . ." The titles are significant; as integral a part of the composition as they are in "Op" and "Pop" art.

In the following pages I have selected a few of Mr. Anderson's works from his "Miniature Art" and from other prints and sketches. He has characterized his work as "an attempt to look and observe, to comment on our environment, likes and dislikes." Yet, he rarely editorialized, and when he does, his observations are produced with true artistic subtlety. Mr. Anderson's art is one of originality, simplicity, and directness. ●

—W. H. W.

SELF-PORTRAIT
LINE DRAWING

BAT
WOODCUT



TREES IN THE CITY
LINO-CUT

TREES IN THE WINTER
LINO-CUT

Life Cycle

. . . Prompted by a Comment by Walker Percy

I marvel at their multiplicity,
These pretty girls—not beautiful, you know,
But awfully pretty—who, the issue of
"the rock—faced mother and the redneck father,"
People our city streets, our offices,
Our schools, our churches, and our grocery—stores.
Their prettiness is fleeting, I'll admit,
But pick one while the bloom is on her still,
And fit her out in velvet and in pearls
And—warning her to keep her mouth shut—bring
Her to the opera, or to a ball,
And you would see a match for any there . . .
All for a little space. And then she'd wed
Some greaseball who would beat her regularly,
And she would be devoted to him, bear
His children and his bruises equally,
Watching her daughters grow to pretty girls
Through rimless glasses framing her rock face.

—RUSTY McCREDIE

The Advertisement

——————— *by* Bill Lancaster

The floor was wood. The floor of the office with the green plaster walls where he lived six days a week from nine to five was wood. Dirt which had sifted in through the window and through the transom over the door collected in the cracks in the floor or got ground into the wood by people's heels so that really it wasn't all wood anymore but part rock too.

You could run a paper clip down between the cracks and turn the dirt up into two neat little rows but you only have to do this once before you get tired of it and then you have to find something else to do.

He would sit behind his desk in his white shirt already wrinkled around the waist by lunch and in his gray trousers with the frayed cigar burn in the knee and the desk cluttered with purchase orders and invoices which he would scratch on and file away sometimes when he had to or when it helped to pass the time.

Most of the day he spent sitting in his faded swivel chair between the desk and the window with his legs spread apart and his hands together over his stomach looking into the brown space that had grown like a fungus in one corner.

But sometimes he would look out and down on the flat tarred rooftops of the shorter buildings and at the asphalt streets below these and sometimes he would pick out one person in the crowd and watch to see which way and where the person was going. Some of the people would go into the sales floor of the clothing store he worked for but whenever this happened he always got a sick feeling in his stomach though he couldn't say exactly why.

One day when Charlie-the-wholesale-clothes-man came in and laid out a batch of the yellow shirts with the magic labels and price tags he got the sick feeling in his stomach real bad and the yellow shirts flashed amber and that's when he smashed the cardboard advertisement with the man in the yellow shirt and the girl in the tiger dress that Charlie had brought and told him to get the hell out and the shirts too.

But he called Charlie back the next day. He had been in a bad mood, he said, the work was getting on him, he needed a vacation; he would take the yellow shirts.

Then after the call he looked out the window and down at the streets and at the people criscrossing each other's paths.

"One of these days I'm not going to buy the yellow shirts," he thought. ●

The Last Ten Years

——————— *by* Bill Cubberley

Gauguin in the South Seas, by Bengt Danielsson (Doubleday and Company. 336 pp. $7.95).

Few artists elicit that particular response of mystical excitement which surrounds the character of Paul Gauguin. The Paris stockbroker, the Sunday painter, the genius who, at forty-three, gave up a "normal" life to devote himself to painting still fascinates his admirers. Now, sixty-four years after his death, the interest in the legend of Gauguin shows no signs of declining. In fact, new examinations and, consequently, re-evaluations of it appear to be increasing its populairty.

Since his recognition as a master of modern painting, there has been no shortage of material written on Gauguin; indeed, the amount is voluminous. Henri Perruchot's recent *Life of Gauguin,* Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson's popular biography, *Noble Savage,* and Somerset Maugham's rather loose interpretation, *The Moon and Sixpence,* are only a few of an innumerable list of examples. Yet, in-spite-of this, the information about Gauguin has been notably deficient. For, while most biographers deal extensively with the artist's years in Paris, his experiences with Van Gogh, his stay in Brittany, or some other aspect of his life in Europe, they often relegate his very important last ten years, those for which he is chiefly remembered, to either a sketchy or romantic representation. Basing their narratives primarily on the letters which Gauguin wrote from the South Seas, they have failed to produce a totally accurate account of his life there. This is unfortunate not only because the decade spent in Tahiti and the Marquesas is, no doubt, the most interesting phase in the painter's life, but, more than

that, because it is in this period that he reached his artistic fulfillment. Luckily, though, our knowledge is no longer inadequate about these years. For, in his book, *Gauguin in the South Seas,* Bengt Danielsson successfully examines this period, giving a detailed account of Gauguin's attempt at "shedding [his] civilization."

Here, Gauguin is not seen through the viewpoint of a professional biographer or art critic, but rather he is portrayed by an anthropologist-historian whose interest in the painter was excited only after a visit to Tahiti in 1951. Mr. Danielsson was born in Sweden, received his Master's and Doctor's degrees from the University of Upasal, and became familiar with the South Seas as a member of the Kon-Tiki expedition. After being in Tahiti for a while, he soon became aware of the need for a thorough examination of Gauguin's last years there. Thus, his interest aroused, he undertook the most extensive search for information which has ever been carried out on Gauguin's South Seas period. In the process, he studied Gauguin's letters and other writings, looked into old court records, delved through newspaper items and private diaries, and talked with over two hundred of the island's European and Tahitian inhabitants who had known Gauguin personally. As a result of his research, Danielsson has uncovered an abundance of new material, offering some interesting insights into the artist's character. In addition to this, the author brings another asset to an understanding of Gauguin. For, he has lived in Tahiti for the last fifteen years and is well acquainted with the island's intrinsic temperament. Most biographers, oddly enough, have somehow failed to even visit there.

Gauguin's life from 1891—two years before escaping a Europe he considered effete—until 1903—the year of his syphilitic death in the Marquesas—is depicted by Mr. Danielsson with an ease of style and an historical eye for detail. The story of the French officials, the struggle for survival, the native girls, the hate of an increasingly Europeanized island, the poign-

ant search for the pure—for the original Eden with its first Adam, its first Eve is presented with all the freshness of a new discovery. Out of this, the traditional Gauguin figure remains, but it becomes more realistic, more understandable, more intense. Gauguin emerges as a man haunted by the reality of a lost Paradise—even in Tahiti, but a man unable to rid himself of the illusion of the primitive, even as his mystical desires are being constantly pierced by change and the mundane facts of hunger, pain, and loneliness. Danielsson's Gauguin is, in essence, a series of paradoxes. He is simple, but complex. He is idealistic, but practical. He is a seeker of success, but a man sharply plagued by an overwhelming sense of failure. Gauguin remains the hero, but becomes a more personal one.

Although Mr. Danielsson, admitting his lack of qualification, refrains from stylistic analyses of Gauguin's paintings, he does offer several interesting, if not cataclysmic, observations on them. For instance, in the illustrative sections of his book, he presents several photographs from which Gauguin painted, along with the paintings themselves *(Page Moe, Two Women)*. This creates a rather unique opportunity for comparison, as one examines the strong, serene Tahitians in the photographs with the extremely stylized, magical, eternal figures of Gauguin's—figures in which he has brought out the inner depths of their souls. Furthermore, while musing over the painting, *"Where do we come from? What are we? Where are we going?,* Mr. Danielsson seems to catch the essence of the spirit, or rather the motivation, that was Gauguin, as he explains: "Gauguin's spiritual testament is . . . pessimistic. All who persist, as do rational Westerners, in trying to understand and analyse everything, including the problems of life and death, inevitably grow unhappy, while animals, children, and 'savages,' among them the Tahitians, are happy for the very reason that it never enters their heads to reflect on metaphysical problems to which there are no solutions."

Gauguin in the South Seas is a welcomed addition to the

literature about the artist. Finally, Gauguin's years in Tahiti and the Marquesas have been taken out of the realm of fantasy and, in turn, planted in a firmer ground—the ground of scholarly exactness. Those interested in Gauguin or modern art will find this book indispensable, a worthy conclusion to the strange career of Paul Gauguin. ●

College Life Fellowship

——————— *by* Bill Lancaster

We met in a house with carpets on the floor, and low tables, a lamp made of a bundle of sticks, decorative Oriental writing framed on the wall, four characters in the frame, brightly colored, one character the same as one other but inverted, one character having the appearance of an Oriental post and lintel, curved lintel; I can't say if they meant something or not.

They should have had a Grecian urn.

There were a lot of college students there, boys and girls, girls with brightly colored wool skirts and sweaters, flushed cheeks and smooth, shining legs, the sound of nylon brushing as they settled comfortably on the carpet and flipped their skirts over their knees. The children of the family were there in pajamas, laughing in high voices and romping child-like from one room to another. The mother sat watching in a doorway, and when we began to sing songs, let the children watch over her shoulder.

We sang all kinds of Christian songs: triumphant songs, songs of dedication, songs of love of God and Christ, songs with a rock and roll beat, all to the sound of a piano played by one of the girls. They had a song leader. They gave out books containing the words. Angela, the girl next to me, and I both had books, so I offered mine to this boy on my left.

"Would you like a book?"

"Oh, no thank you, I know all those songs by heart."

Angela tried unsuccessfully to give her book away.

We kept on singing songs, holding our books, and sometimes I sang and sometimes laughed to myself, or froze silent, feeling the eyes on me not singing.

Then two football players from Georgia Tech were introduced to give witness. One talked right after the other in deep, droning, almost hypnotic voices. The first talked about how when he first came to school he had two gods, one on the football field and one in the study room, but when he came to know Christ as a person, when he let Christ into his life, when he saw that Christ loved him as a person enough to die for him, when he began to submit his life to Christ and trust it to Him, his football playing took on purpose. He then played for Christ alone. All but one or two of the real leaders on the football team felt Christ acting through them. One team member even autographed footballs with his name and "John 1:12." He didn't worry much any more; he gave his worries to Christ to handle; Christ lived through him, directed him.

"You can take Mohammad out of Mohammedanism," he said, "you can take Confucius out of Confucianism, and the religions still stand, but you can't take Christ out of Christianity. Christ lives through me. I used to think that Christ was a woman but with a long beard. The Christ I know is not that. The Christ I know is a man's Man." (Mercury is a man's car.)

Love was there. A kind of love was there, like the feeling you get just before the kiss. I could feel this love taking me. In spite of all the songs and witness, or perhaps because of them, this love was there. The songs, the voice, the girls, the chatter and the children, and this feeling permeating the air and the people. I almost got up and said, through tears of submission, "I'll let Christ in my life." The second speaker ended with a prayer. If anyone in the room had not come to know Christ as a person, perhaps he would like to open the doors of his heart, his life, and let Christ take over. Perhaps you would like to talk silently to him now—pause, I'm fighting off submission by keeping my eyes open, looking at the rug, my arm—end of prayer.

Refreshments were announced. A handful of girls and

boys went into the kitchen and shut the swinging door. The song leader called, "Hey, boys and girls, what's going on in there?" People stood up and moved around. Boys talked with girls, moved down for refreshments. We two, Angela and I, sat on the piano bench and talked about Philadelphia, her home town, and New York City. We talked about the group and the speakers. She gave me half her piece of cake. ●

An Allegory

I can't help it if I don't like allegories,
I don't even like people who represent other things.
God said it was bad, and that's good enough for me.
Once there was this fellow
(and there was one once)
that went around writing about things
that represent other things,
and it was good style,
and it was good form,
and it was good reading
(even required),
but it had all the kids on the block believing
that all the bad girls had to wear big athletic letters
across their breasts,
and sew a lot,
—like if you were bad, you might even take up sports,—
and staying to yourself,
and raising even nastier kids
whom people threw rocks at,
and sewing,
and guilty feelings,
and it makes everything all better in the end.

Or this other guy
who made a big fish
the hero of a story,
with a ship that wasn't really a ship,
but a little world
for this other hero
with a wooden leg,
and a hate obsession,
and still ANOTHER *guy that was a traveler*
that came up on this world one day,
got carried right off by it,
got a ringside seat to see
not a whale fight,
but a battle of egos,
where obsession is made out to be wrong,
and white is made out to be a goal,
and life is made out to be second
to one man's obsessions,
because he has a power structure,
and a hundred other things
which are so obvious
they would have made a much better fish story
for the sixteen-year-old,
who IS *the person who reads it,*
and even then,
only in the condensed Classic Comic book form.

Well, that's fine,
if you have the heart,
or the talent,
or the conscience to write it.

There is a problem with life that all the smart people
are beginning to realize.
It's no blue sky, or clear night,
or kite in the wind
with a smiling face,
and laughing children.
Really what it boils down to
is a series of cross-overs
of people looking like one thing
and being another,
and saying one thing,
and doing another,
and hot, sweaty hands on a cold little body,
men fighting down one want with another,
losing more face each time the wheel goes around.
It's cutting,
it's painful to the extent that narcotics are often used
to deaden . . .
it's destructive to save,
but none the less, we've all got it,
and it's real.

Point being:
why bury what it is, somewhere between
a fish story and a political satire
about giants and little people?
Why hide message and realization of what we've got
in the fun stuff?
It makes me wonder if they (the bad guys)
weren't a bit scared of coming out and saying what they
were saying.
"A Modest Proposal," was a great idea the way it read
(not as it was meant)
and it did represent life
and all that junk,
which is much better
than a bunch of pigs that take over a farm,
or a whale that eats legs,
or an allegory,
and an allegory kit,
which contains special glasses
for reading between the words.

—Jon Stanton

Tiresias

None of us understood him, I believe,
Because he was a prisoner of the dark
And therefore saw things that we did not see.
Moreover, he was prone to drool, and went
about the campus singing to himself
—and doing other questionable deeds,
or so it was alleged by all of those
who take an interest in that sort of thing.
We looked upon him with distaste, and kept
A wide berth when he seemed to come too near
For fear of being—what? Contaminated?
Or else of being made to be ourselves:
Concerned, or latently compassionate
(Effecting ruination of our cool)?
At any rate, he died, and so he passed
From darkness into darkness via pain
—but never bitterness—and we remain
The prisoners of a different sort of dark.

—R. W. McCREDIE

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